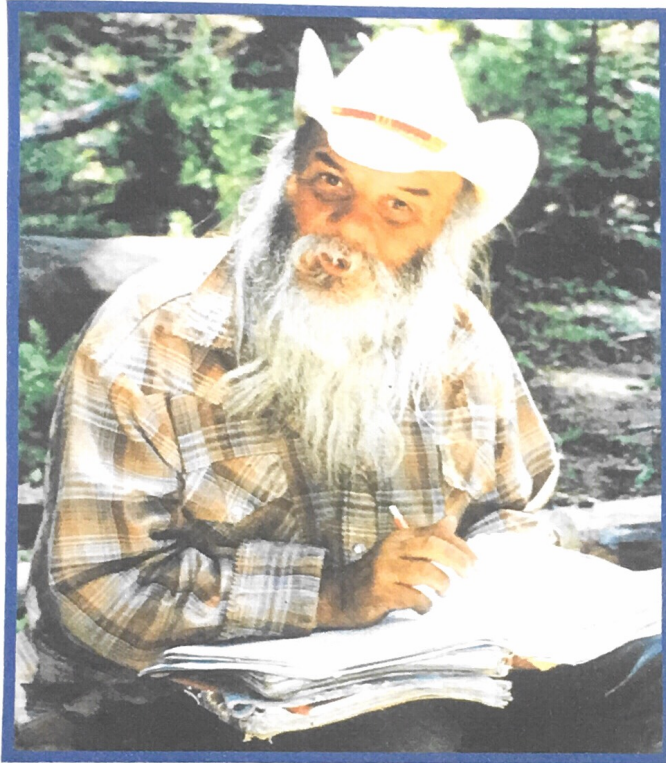


# Rainbow Family Life Stories



*by Jodey Bateman.  
Interviews with Rainbow  
Family of Living Light  
folks conducted between  
1977 and 2008.*

*Scanned in 2018.  
Jodey Bateman may be  
contacted on Facebook.  
or [jodey.bateman@yahoo.com](mailto:jodey.bateman@yahoo.com)*

14.E SCOTTER - "Keeping Our Thing Going"

9 pages

[14.E]



## Scotter - Keeping Our Thing Going

I was born in Atlanta in 1951. My father was a contract auditor for the Air Force until 1974 when he moved to Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and he does the same thing for the University of North Carolina.

My dad's mom is a very stern bitch, and I think she subdued him with her outrageous temper. He collected a pretty strong inferiority complex from his mom and I collected it from him. Basically what I got from my dad is — my dad spends most of his time thinking about what's happening or what's gonna happen. He thinks himself into being afraid to act spontaneously.

My dad and I couldn't be good friends. I got put on restriction about going out in high school and coming home drunk. I couldn't talk to him. My father kept everything inside and I kept everything inside. We'd blow up at each other periodically. I wanted to buy a car at 16 and I wanted to have a job. And my parents didn't want me to have a job or a car. They kind of defeated me. My dad overruled me and on the surface I accepted it. I think I picked up a notion like Dad isn't a man. I couldn't do what I had to do to maintain my dignity. Deep inside I wanted to do these things.

I enjoyed the social thing when I was in high school. People have always been the most important thing in my life. I always did things either for people or because someone I loved or respected or feared felt I should do it. I always did things to please people and get their attention. I would consider that before I would consider how I felt about things.

I had a lot of conflict with my parents around 17, 18. I got in a rock and roll band and met up with hippie musician people. I started smoking dope, taking LSD. I wanted to be free to move away from home and my parents didn't want to let go of me.

I never went to college. When I finished high school, I felt that was it. That summer of 1969, we were living in Alaska at Elmendorf Air Force Base and my parents and my sister were on vacation. I had been working in the base exchange warehouse. I took off with my best friend. My parents have told me several times since then how they came home and felt the strange feeling



a place has when it's empty. My sister found the note. It freaked them out real bad.

I hitched across the country. I went to the Texas International Pop Festival, two weeks after Woodstock. It was really high. It opened my eyes. I had never been around rowdy people and street people that much before, because I had been in Alaska for a couple of years. I left that festival with a lot of peace and contentment in my heart, a lot of love for the world.

I went to Washington D.C. On the way, I started getting nauseous. The car we were riding in had gas fumes leaking. I stayed with friends in D.C. for a week. I started to puke blood and my shit was hard and white. I had hepatitis and I had only shot up three times in my life. They took me to an Air Force base hospital because I had my dependent's ID card. The Air Force flew me back to Alaska in stages. It took me a week. On the way I stayed at a place where all the wounded people from Vietnam were staying. To me it was a mind-blower. All those guys blown away in places, no arms, no legs. I was just a young kid.

After I got back, I worked in a music shop in Anchorage for four months. I got into the drug scene. I had a good friend ten years older than me. We tripped around Anchorage until my parents realized I was smoking dope. They never cared to ask why I had hepatitis. We never talked about that. Still never have.

My parents got paranoid that I was going to get busted, so they gave me an airplane ticket to anywhere I wanted to go in the US and said I was never to come back to Alaska. I told them I was going to see my uncle in Florida. I took a ticket to Portland, Oregon and hitched down to California. I saw all the hippies on their spring breaks. Then I came back with a friend to Alaska. Naturally my parents were upset.

I got involved in a job laying concrete block, which I enjoyed very much. I moved in with Gary, a close friend, at his parents' house. Then I met Patty. No one introduced me to her. Something said to me, "There's somebody real special in this room." I fell head over heels in love with her. She was a topless go-go dancer. We had never talked much, but one night I had an urge to wait up for her to get off work. I went to sleep.



I woke up. Patty was leaning over me, kissing me and laughing. Obviously we had communicated. Sex is a pretty touchy subject with me. I had mucho inhibitions, and she was into dark, mystical practices. About half the time I could open up to her and the other half I couldn't always satisfy her, but we really loved one another.

I couldn't handle the thought she might go out with someone else. And so she did. She ran away into the woods with a guy named Buffalo Bob. Then later it was another guy named Buffalo Bob who had his hands on my baby when the child came out of my wife Sarah's vagina.

I vegetated for a while after Patty left. My guitar playing in my band went to shit. I lived with these friends of mine, the Maggot Family. They started from three guys who were a fishing crew. They took over an abandoned cabin in Homer, Alaska. Three more new guys moved in. The first guys called the new guys the Orcs. The Orcs wanted to think of the shittiest name possible so they called them the Maggot Pukes. Then more people started hanging around and they were also called Maggots. They were partying folks, mechanics, fishing crews, kind of like Rainbow Family folks. They're one of my families in Alaska.

That summer I went to Cordova, Alaska. I did some fishing and clam digging. I lived 13 miles from Cordova by water - that was the only way you could get there. There were no signs of people. I saw bald eagles every day. I caught salmon and ate them. I saw whales at sea.

That was the first place I ever heard OM. I could hear the woods chanting OM. I stayed there until about winter time. Then I found an abandoned cabin near Homer. It's common for people to move into abandoned cabins around there. I spent the winter cross-country skiing. It was a confused winter. I had three or four main women that winter. They wanted to have sex with me and I usually couldn't. I was still suffering from Patty.

Then me and 20 freaks from Homer, 20 freaks from Seattle and ten other people went herring fishing on an ocean-going tugboat. We let the herrings rot and squeeze the eggs out of them. The eggs pop right out after a few days and the Japanese buy them for



\$7.50 for a seven gallon bucket. It turned out to be a bum trip. We had a really great time, but we didn't make any money. All 50 of us were really tight with each other. The ship broke down every day. The captain had to be ready for emergencies. He finally fell asleep at the wheel and the ship ran into a mountain. The Sanitary Commission finally closed down the operation. I stayed in Kodiak after that and worked in a cannery 16 hours a day killing king crabs. Then I came to see my folks in North Carolina Christmas 1973. I've been in the States from then on.

I went to Seattle to see my friend Gary. I met this lady Jan. I come back with her to my folks' house Easter 1974. Jan went on. I stayed with my parents and worked as a laborer on a construction crew for several months. I read the Primal Scream and I wanted to bicycle to California to take Primal Therapy. I wrote Jan about going on a bicycle with me and she said, "Sure." We stopped in New Orleans for four months that winter. I got Jan pregnant and she had an abortion. She flipped out for a while.

Then me and Jan and another couple bicycled to Austin in May '75. Then Jan and I went from Austin alone toward the Rainbow Gathering in Arkansas. The next thing I knew, this green and blue school bus pulled up beside us. This guy named Pip stepped out and said, "Hi, brother, I love you. Come along with us." We put our bicycles on top of the bus and went with him to the gathering. The gathering was a very high experience. I got very free there.

Jan took off with Antoinette. No Guns from the gathering. I went to Fayetteville with this guy I met when we ran the parking lot together at the gathering. He turned out to be a rip-off. I had a good time in Fayetteville in spite of him.

I went to Milwaukee to see my sister and a lady. We went down to Gaskin's Farm in Tennessee in August. My sister and the lady stayed one night and I stayed two nights. I worked harvesting corn. It was the best corn I've ever eaten. I just tripped around. I didn't have a lot of high encounters with people. They just come up to you and say, "Hi, what's your name?" Some of them sound like they were told to greet you. Not, "Hi, how are you doing, brother?" But some of them were obviously sincere.



At the beginning of September I went by bicycle to Stillwater, Oklahoma, because Pip said he was going there with a Rainbow caravan to work. I almost immediately ran into the OM Cooking trip. I became dishwasher for the OM Cooking Restaurant, had an affair with a girl and met Sarah.

I got there a month too late to find the work caravan. It was a neat trip meeting Sarah. Oro, who ran OM Cooking, was always telling me about Sarah. Sarah was away hitch-hiking. One day this lady appeared at OM Cooking and I said, "Oh, you must be Sarah."

Then Sarah went back to see her family in New York. We had extremely close communication. We telephoned each other, but I felt her presence every day. Sarah got pregnant while she was in New York. She called me and told me and said she really felt my presence there and wondered if I would be game for being a father and I said, "Yeah."

We arranged to get together after the Florida Gathering. Sarah flew up to my parents' in North Carolina after my dad and mom had left for a few days. We had quite a bit of sex for that few days. When my parents got back, we bought a pickup truck and went to Sambo Island, Florida. We hung out there. We got into eating a lot of fruit and becoming light. We both got into being pregnant. We worked and made some money. We met this guy named Corky who lived in Woods Hole, Massachusetts. He said he had made a gypsy wagon before. So we headed for Woods Hole and on the way we stopped at Gaskin's Farm.

We had a funny time at the farm gatehouse. We wanted to learn about midwifery a little - how to have a natural child birth. And we heard these friends of mine I hadn't seen in a couple of months, Molly and Eggs, were at the Farm. Molly was eight months pregnant. She was there to have her baby. The people at the gate didn't like our reasons for being there, because they felt we were there just to take. We agreed to stay just one night.

The first night I was there, we pitched a tent down from a dome where people lived. Molly, Eggs, Sarah and I played music for a joyful time. One of the guys from the dome came down and sang with us for a while and enjoyed it. So the next morning we expressed the joy of the morning naked. We wasn't trying to



parade around naked. We put our clothes back on soon.

Then we went to the midwives to get Sarah checked out. They didn't really do much. It felt like we were kind of out of place because we didn't plan to stay. It felt like the Farm. I didn't feel comfortable hugging anyone there. It looked down upon. I felt like a lady I hugged would think I was being sexually advancing. That was just the general vibration I got. There definitely are a lot of frustrated sexual vibrations around there.

So we came to find out that Molly and Eggs' car had broken down at Knoxville, about 250 miles away, with all their material possessions and they really wanted to go get them, but the Farm people wouldn't let them use one of the Farm vehicles. Well, Molly was feeling kind of freaky and Sarah and me had the truck. Sarah didn't want to travel and Eggs was comfortable at the Farm—naively comfortable, I think, really feeling all the good vibes that had read a lot about. But Molly was kind of queasy about being on the Farm, so Molly and I got in the truck. We went to the gate house to check out.

This one guy there said, "Where do you guys think you're going?" I said, "We're going to pick up her stuff in Knoxville."

They said to Molly, "You're not going anywhere. You're under a midwife's care. Besides, you all were doing funny things last night."

They had been telephoned about us by the sister of Ina Mae, Stephen Gaskin's head lady—he has two wives. She lived in the dome we were camped near. So they wouldn't let Molly go and they were upset at me and Sarah, because if we went to get Molly's stuff, Sarah would be staying another night and that wasn't in our agreement.

So Molly and I drove back to the dome and told Sarah and Eggs what had happened. Well, you know Sarah. She blew up and we went immediately and had a confront with the people in the dome. This person who had been down there involved in our music said, "Yeah, I was down there last night and I got funny vibes. Like they were too close and too touchy."

Feelings got pretty hot. We tried to call Stephen Gaskin to help us work it out, but he wasn't around. So Sarah and I got in the truck and drove to Knoxville and got Molly's stuff.

The Farm is really a strange deal. Everybody there, I guess, they're just like sheep. They do elect their leadership, but a lot of it is



more in terms of how long a person has been there. People in the upper echelons, a lot of them are pretty stuck up. I definitely didn't feel a "Welcome home, brother." There are too many people coming there for that. It's like a small business and you're like a commodity coming in and coming out. Everyone is trying to live, whether they feel it or not, by what Stephen says. The quips Stephen says are like put into law. The vocabulary you see in Stephen's books is how everyone talks.

They talk about living in the country, but there's so damn many people it's like living in the city. It's also very trashy there. One of the things you're supposed to do if you're soaking at the Farm - thinking of staying there - is to find something you can do. They call it your handle. Something to make the Farm better. I said that if I stayed there, my handle would be to find some use for all the junk they have laying around. They don't have candy bar wrappers, but all the materials they use, they just leave them laying on the ground where they drop them. They don't care how they look.

The kids at Gaskin's Farm didn't particularly appeal to me. I was wearing my caftan, which is like a jellaba - a long dress. Sarah and I were walking along and some kids rode along on bicycles and said, "Hey, are you a girl?"

I said, "No, I'm not a girl. Anyone can see I'm not."

They said, "What are you wearing that dress for? Only girls wear dresses."

But the best OM I've ever been in was at the Farm. People there really know how to OM. It was like an organ. People have done it so many times it was really crystalline and clear on a Sunday morning.

We went on to Woods Hole, Massachusetts, to Corky's place and got the gypsy wagon built. Corky looked, dressed and felt like Kris Kristofferson in A Star Is Born. Sarah was attracted to him physically, sexually. They never actually had sex. I went through a hard time. I have hangups about building things and Corky was a body man - he could build cars. He designed the gypsy wagon and we helped build it. We missed the Montara Gathering because the gypsy wagon wasn't finished



So. When it was finished, we came back to Oklahoma. We got married September 25, three weeks after Jesse was born.

Jesse was born on a farm some friends of ours owned at Glencoe, near Stillwater. It was the highest experience of my life. When Jesse's head popped out, it was kind of like a Primal for me. I burst out crying, sobbing uncontrollably. I felt so clear. I had stayed beside Sarah all night with her. We called Sarah's mom and dad. Then we called my mom. I couldn't let the emotions out to her that I felt from the birthing. I had been so high and my feelings went plummeting down. I was down for a long time after that. Sarah and I had pretty hard times after Jesse was born - strained emotional times, partly from the new responsibility. Jesse is a little Virgo, a very demanding person. Sarah's mother is a Virgo and Sarah always knew she was going to have to work out dealing with that Virgo energy.

Around Christmas time, 1976, we decided to go back east to our families. I went to work at Sarah's dad's computer programming school in New York. Then we went to the 1977 New Mexico Gathering. I got dysentery for the first time in my life. I didn't get off on New Mexico as much as the Arkansas Gathering. At Arkansas you could feel more part of the family part of the oneness.

After the New Mexico Gathering we went looking for a place to settle down. We went to a real nice commune near Truth or Consequences. We stayed there a little while. Then we went to Silver City, New Mexico, and ran into a guy who was into Scientology named Rich. He could look at you and tell you what your basic problems were and tell you what to do with them. A very intense and powerful man. He called me "Wimpy" and Sarah "Fatty." He was seeing us how we see ourselves.

We were getting frustrated and we went to Reserve, New Mexico, and stayed for about two hours. Nobody from the Family were there any more. I found out my friend Gary was getting married in Washington and I really wanted to go because he had come to my wedding. Sarah went back to New York and I went to Gary's wedding.

That trip lasted about a month. We wound up at Ora's place near Coyle, Oklahoma. We had a lot of sickness, mental and



physical, but then we went east for Christmas and came back and found this nice place here in Coyle and we've had a pretty good time ever since.

Sarah is really helping me. My fears really come out with Sarah. I was really intimidated by Sarah up until the past year. I get intimidated real easy. Oro intimidates me often. But I'm not as intimidated as easy now. For some reason I had to be with Sarah. It was really hard work. I wasn't enjoying it. And now I'm learning to stand on my own feet and speak my mind. I'm starting to be able to be at honest with Sarah. I realize she's just another person like me.

One change in my personality since I've been with Sarah - and Jesse - is I live more in the material world. I don't think about my spiritual ideals that much any more, although I work harder to make ends meet - keeping our thing going.

[Scotter and Sarah had another son in 1979. They moved to North Carolina and went to the 1980 West Virginia Gathering. Shortly after that they broke up.]